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Stand By!

The lingo of the sailors, which smacks of the salt sea and the vasty deep, contains many short and suggestive phrases, which may have a meaning for landsmen.

Among the terse commands which often ring out from the quarter-deck is the familiar order, 'Stand by!' Sometimes it is, 'Stand by to heave the lead!' sometimes,

'Stand by to loose the to'-gallant sails!' and again, 'Stand by to get the cutter aboard!' or, 'Stand by the main sheet!'

The phrase as used by the men of the sea, who have no time to lose in round-about expressions, means to keep near to a post of duty and to maintain oneself in a state of attention, ready to execute a piece of important work without delay and without a miss as soon as the next order comes. There is also another use of these words among seamen, as when the captain of one ship 'stands by' another vessel in distress, keeping near it on the high seas so long as danger threatens, ready at a moment's notice to render needed assistance.

In life at large there is constant need of 'standing by' to do the thing that is duty; or to offer the succour that is required by some suffering or perishing soul. To 'stand by' is to be alert and attentive to the duty of the moment. A captain would make short work of a sailor who while on watch should remain star-gazing, or should take a nap in the long boat while sharp, quick orders were being given on the execution of which might depend the safety of the ship and its passengers.

So on land, as well as at sea, eternal vigilance—a constant watchfulness for the chance to do or dare—is the price of success and fame. Not aloofness but alertness is the motto of the successful man.

The scholar who 'stands by' to mark the instructions of a teacher; the clerk who 'stands by' to execute the request of a customer, or the order of his employer, the conductor who 'stands by' to read carefully and obey the telegram from the train-despatcher, the watchman who 'stands by' to guard property from loss by fire or theft, the doctor who 'stands by' the bedside of the sick to save a valuable life, all afford instances of good work done through attention to the task of the hour.

By thus 'standing by' to do the next thing many a man, once in very humble circumstances, has climbed the ladder of success by rounds of effort, until at last perhaps the whole world knows his name and holds him in honor.

The Christian is a man who 'stands by' to hear what God may have to say to him, and to execute the divine commands as they come. 'Standing by' is after all but the modern phrase of the familiar injunction, 'Watch and pray!' The Christian is perpetually on guard, ready alike for defence and for advance against evil.

Life is crowded with golden opportunities of service for God and man. Heed the call of the Great Captain when He commands 'Attention!'—'stand by' to serve as occasion offers and Providence points the way.—The Rev. A. S. Dwight, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

The Minister's Wife.

(R. W. Jackson, in the 'Examiner.')

The Rev. Reuben Ellis was the minister of Bethesda Chapel, Oldborough. He had come there as a student fresh from college, with a London degree, and a plentiful supply of hope and inexperience. Bethesda rejoiced in him, and in spite of many attempts at humility, he could not help rejoicing in himself. Twenty-eight years of age, ruddy, healthy, he faced Bethesda congregation at his first service, and was not dismayed. The gallery, save for the choir, was a vast wilderness; and as he looked down upon the array of pews beneath, dotted here and there with human figures, he half imagined himself looking upon an ancient map of Africa. But in his brain there were wonderful sermons, capable of revolutionising Oldborough; and while the congregation was struggling through a lengthy chant, he saw in his dream hosts crowding into the vacant pews, and the £100, which formed his stipend, expanding into more stately and comfortable figures.

Thirteen years had gone by since then. The wonderful sermons had been preached, but only a select few had seen the wonder of them. One or two families, who had had quarrels elsewhere, increased the dimensions, but not the peace of the congregation. The gallery was still desolate, and the salary had slowly and painfully risen to £140, at which point it had long been stationary. The minister never dreamed in the pulpit now. The kingdom of heaven might be taken by storm, but not Oldborough.

Thirteen years make great changes in a man, and in every way the Rev. Reuben Ellis was changed. Soon after coming to Oldborough, he had married the girl who had caught his eager student fancy. No minister's bride ever entered a manse with a sweeter or more loyal heart than Grace Ellis. It seemed to her such a wonderful thing to be a minister's wife, and she believed in Reuben with a belief greater even than his own. Sitting in a side pew near the pulpit, she had a good view of almost the whole congregation; and while the great sermons were being delivered, she was wont now and again to steal a sly glance towards certain persons who were influential and were supposed to be intellectual, in the hope of seeing their admiration of those masterpieces. Alas! she seldom saw any comfort in those hard, impassive faces; it was like trying to reap the golden wheat in January. Insensibly, as the years went on, she

forgot that early habit. Moreover, all her attention was required to keep in order the little company that began to fill her own pew. She sat in the middle thereof; and three little heads on either side of her, two hatted and four unhatted, rose step-like to the ends. Encompassed by so much humanity, a woman has but slender opportunity of profiting by theology; and, for the most part, her husband's sermons boomed over Mrs. Ellis's head, leaving no impression whatever behind. Once she would have deemed the mere thought of such a thing sacrilege.

It must be said that though the Rev. Reuben Ellis was a good preacher, he was a poor father. He lived in the same house as his wife and children, but he seldom made any attempt to live in the same world. The man's long struggle with disillusion had soured him; and his family inevitably suffered most from the souring. He took little interest in his children, leaving them almost entirely to their mother. The more his sermons failed to impress Oldborough, the more he seemed to shut himself up in his study. Except in his absence, none of his children had ever been in that delphic room; nor, to say truth, had they greatly cared to enter it. Before the children came, his wife had loved to sit there; but now, save for a weekly dusting, she seldom or never found her way thither. The tragedy was that he never seemed to notice it. And she had so much to do that she scarcely found time to notice it.

Every Saturday morning the minister put thirty shillings into his wife's hands. What was done with it he inquired not. What sermons he might have written if he had looked into the way in which those thirty pieces of silver did their work, the pathetic contrivances, the marvellous juggling with the multiplication table, the innumerable subtractions. For now that the family numbered eight, the revenue was the same as when it consisted of two. If he could but have seen how frock descended from child to child till no mortal ingenuity could hold it together any longer; if he had had any vision for the many and divers-colored patches on Edgar's trousers, which had been the trousers of Philip, who had received them from Graham, who had inherited them from Stanley—reminding one of the house that Jack built or the genealogy in Luke—if he had once gone shopping for the household! Ah, if, but he never saw or did these things. If he had, he would have found a visit to Mr. Adams, the grocer, or Mr. Lucas the butcher, more luminous and helpful than the finest treatise on homiletics. How a shilling can do the work of fifteen pence is not revealed in any commentator.

It was a Saturday evening. Mrs. Ellis had given the smaller children their weekly bath, and six volcanoes were for a time extinct. The minister had come down from his study to supper. His thoughts were with his Sunday morning sermon, and he ate his supper in silence. His wife sat by the fireside, with a pile of stockings which were on an adjacent chair, which were waiting to be darned. To the male mind darning is a negligable quantity. But twelve young feet, oh, my brothers, what they can accomplish no one but a mother knows. She seems to wage perpetual warfare with holes. Holes at the knees, holes at the heels, holes at the toes, holes that admit the passage of the hands, rudimentary half-ashamed holes, holes naked and unabashed, a comico-tragedy of holes. If Penelope had been a darner for a healthy family, she would have had no need to pull her work to pieces Mrs. Ellis never grumbled at these ventilated stockings; but her back ached every week over them. And on this particular night a fear, which had long haunted her, came upon her with a sudden, chilling power.

'Reuben, dear,' she said, 'I wish you would light another gas. I really cannot see what I am doing.'

When Reuben Ellis first met Grace Kelvey, that which attracted him most in that quiet maiden was the exceeding brilliance of her eyes. It was from the pulpit that he first beheld them; and all through the singing of the hymns and up at times through the wordy sermon 'here rose to his mind the burden of Camoens' song, 'Sweetest eyes were ever seen.' They haunted him by day and night. And long after the passion of youthful love had died away he still felt a kind of pride in those beautiful eyes. He liked to hear people speak of them. They seemed to him the last remnant of the poetry of other days. Alas! there is no poetry in spectacles; behind spectacles, the sweetest eyes were ever seen are merely optical organs. And when Grace Ellis took to spectacles, all the glamor was gone, and he almost seemed to look upon it as a personal injury. The romance of life was dead; and henceforth there was nothing to look forward to but a dreary vista of deacons, and vestries, and lifeless sermons, and the perpetual 'res angusta domi.'

'I will light the gas if you wish it,' said Reuben, 'but our gas bill was heavier than ever last quarter.'

'Never mind, then, dear,' replied Grace. 'Only these stockings are black, and I can't see them at all well. I'm afraid my sight is failing, Reuben. Everything looks so different.'

The minister lit the gas, and sat down on the other side of the fire. Then he looked at his wife, the wife he had sworn to love and cherish. For the first time he noticed how old she looked. She was only thirty-three, but her hair was getting very grey, he saw, and her face was worn and pinched. Slowly it dawned upon him that this wife of his was years older than she ought to be. Then his gaze fell with a sort of fascination upon her wedding ring; and he thought of her as his bride, and of the untranslatable hopes of the wedding morning. He remembered how well that ring fitted her years ago. To-night he noticed how it kept slipping up and down her finger, as she went on with her darning. He had never taken any interest in darning before; he had only had a vague sort of consciousness that his own socks were darned neatly and comfortably enough. But now even his untutored eyes could see that this darning wouldn't do. With a look of straining interest he watched her, the big, ungainly stitches, the way in which the needle would go to the wrong place. At last he spoke.

'Grace, dear,' he said, and there was a tone in his voice which made his wife look up from her work in astonishment—'Grace, dear, I'm afraid you are doing too much. Let the stocking be for to-night. You are tired, and had better go to bed.'

'But they must be done, Reuben,' she replied; 'the children have no others to put on to-morrow. I began them last night, but I couldn't see to go on with them. I must finish them to-night.'

'No, dear,' said her husband, 'whatever the children have to wear, you must not finish them now. You promised to obey me once, you know,' he added, with a somewhat wintry smile. 'Put them away now, dear; we will see about them on Monday.'

And you really think there is no hope, Sir Philip, that nothing more can be done?' 'I'm afraid not, said the specialist. 'I would give you hope, Mr. Ellis, if I could, for your sake, and still more, if I may say so, for the sake of your wife, who seems a lady of wonderful patience and sweetness. But the mischief has gone too far. If you had brought her to me a year ago, I might have been able to do something; but these last twelve months have, I fear, made that impossible.'

'And how long do you think the sight may last? 'anxiously inquired the minister.

'It is difficult to say,' was the reply.' Mrs. Ellis is over-worked, and run down. If she has complete rest and no worries from children and others, and especially if the eyes be kept perfectly quiet, it is possible that the sight may be kept, though ever more and more imperfectly, for three or four months. It grieves me to say it, but I cannot promise more than that. Let her have plenty of nourishing food, and keep her as cheerful as you can. It is a dreadful blow for her, poor lady, but, if I have read her aright she will bear it well.'

'God have mercy on me, doctor,' said the remorseful minister; 'I need it more even than she does.'

The respite was prolonged a little beyond the limit promised by Sir Philip Walters. One bright sunny afternoon in July, as the minister was sitting reading to his wife in their little garden, she suddenly stopped him.

'It is quite hot this afternoon, Reuben. I suppose it is a very bright day?'

'Yes, dear,' he answered; 'it is a perfect summer's day.'

'I thought it was. Well, now, I am sure it is almost my last chance. I should like you to bring the children to me, that I may look upon all your dear faces once more. If I take off this shade I think in the bright light I could manage to see you.'

The minister went on his sad errand. The children were brought wondering, and some of them half afraid, making somewhat pitiful attempts, in obedience to their father's wish, to look bright and cheerful. The mother took their hands in her's, and looked long and earnestly into the face of each. When they were gone, she said, 'Now, dear, let me see you.'

By a supreme effort the minister was able to smile into his wife's face, as she looked upon him for the last time. Then their lips met in a long kiss of speechless tenderness.

There are great changes in Reuben Ellis, manifest in his sermons, his visiting, but especially in his home. The light has gone out for ever from his wife's eyes, but they were never so beautiful to him as now. In his desk there is a half-darned stocking, which has taught him more than all his library. He certainly can say: 'One thing I know; whereas I was blind, now I see.'

A Cripple's Gift to the Bible Society.

Among the contributions to the Bible Society's Centenary Fund was five shillings from a very poor crippled man in Yorkshire, who has been in bed for twenty years, unable to move or feed himself, and is blind in one eye. His great solace is his Bible. He used to turn the leaves with his tongue, but finding this spoiled the Book, he now holds a bone knitting-needle in his teeth, with which he manages to turn the pages. His great desire has been to aid in Bible work.—'Christian Globe.'

Canadians Abroad.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' The first edition will be exhausted long before most of them realize that there is such a publication—and they will be sorry to miss the first issue. Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world. Orders of this sort will need to be sent in promptly, for very soon it will be impossible to get the October issue.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

A Special Christmas Club.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 14 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form in one of the most delightful to share the pleasure that makes it possible with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What Will it Matter?

What will it matter, brother,
When the day of life is done,
And the sheaves we've toiled to gather,
Shall be counted, one by one,
Whether we worked in sunshine,
Or whether the storm-cloud rose,
If only we have the bundles,
For the Master hath need of those?

What will it matter, brother,
When the pearly gates are passed,
And our feet, all torn and bleeding,
Find shelter and rest at last,
Whether the path was thorny,
Or whether the way was plain,
If India's poor lost children
Shall join in our glad refrain?

What will it matter, brother,
At rest at the Master's feet,
Chanting our hallelujahs,
In rapture and joy complete,
If China can join the chorus,
And Africa—latest born—
Shall rise up to call us blessed,
On the resurrection morn?

What will it matter, brother?
Thrice welcome the toil and care,
Thrice welcome the pain and heartache,
There will be no tears up there,
Thrice welcome the thorny pathway,
For our Christ has led the way,
And finally with all nations,
We'll praise Him through endless day.
—'Leaflet.'

A Small Thing?

(Grace Willis, in the 'Christian Age.')

Pauline was in the choir, and she sat just at the back of the low railing with its red curtain.

She had made up her mind that morning—and had asked God to help her—not to whisper. She knew from experience that it drew attention and discounted the minister's sermon, for had she not herself sat in the family pew and listened earnestly to a helpful sermon, only to be distracted at a critical moment by a movement just at the back of the minister's head, when Delia Jones whispered something to Prissie Parsons that made Prissie smile broadly for five minutes? The good impulse imparted by the sermon was gone, and Delia's thoughtless whisper was the evil genius that had spirited it away.

Of course, if the people in the pews could see themselves as those in the choir saw them, they could not blame the young folks sometimes for seeing funny things, but the fact that things were really funny did not in the least atone for the mischief done by the fun-loving girls who whispered.

Pauline had resolved that if she saw anything funny she would not whisper it to Prissie, but Prissie's laugh came so easily that it was a great temptation to provoke it.

Pauline settled herself soberly as the minister announced his text, and fixed her eyes on the back of his head, when there came into her view, beyond the minister and in an obscure corner, Mrs. Hawkins's bonnet, perched gravely over one ear of that good lady. Once loosed from its moorings, the bonnet dropped further from grace at each shake of the head. Pauline turned to nudge Prissie, but caught herself just in time, and bit her lip to keep back the laugh. There were a hundred people within the range of her vision who would see that smile if she let it come to the surface. Gradually the humor of the situation faded away, and it seemed quite the natural thing for Sister Hawkins to wear her bonnet over one ear.

The minister was progressing splendidly with his sermon when Pauline's sense of humor was again aroused. Mr. Bunch, a little laborer, whose head seemed driven into his shoulders, sitting stiff and prim in his Sunday clothes, was bothered by the flies. With fingers curled inward, he slowly swung his toil-begrimed hand before him, and with a sudden quick jerk the fly was caught. Totally unconscious of observers, he was amusing himself by wreaking vengeance on his tormentors. Pauline opened her mouth to say 'Look!' but closed it again and laid a finger on her lips to keep them closed. The amused young woman just at the back of Mr. Bunch smiled up at Pauline, but there was no answering smile.

Mrs. Saunderson reached for the hymn-book to hand over to her restless little son, when somehow it slipped out of her fingers, caught Miss Barkman's shoulder, and dropped with a thud to the floor. Miss Barkman turned sharply and glared at Mrs. Saunderson, as that little woman, with crimsoning face, bent to pick up the book. Of, if people only knew how hard it was for Pauline to crowd back the laugh, they would not blame her. It seemed just as if she must relax this once. She looked at Prissie, but Prissie had not seen. If she had— But Pauline was saved. And the minister had reached the end of his sermon.

As the benediction was pronounced Pauline turned from the choir seats with a sigh. Perhaps it would be easier next time. And a hundred people who could look into Pauline's face had heard the sermon without one distracting glance at that girl, and the words he had uttered had reached their hearts without hindrance from her.

A small thing? Ah, no; it was a victory!

Practical Conclusion.

A little girl had learned the verse, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' to repeat at a concert. She stepped on the platform and began: 'Suffer—' It was her first attempt at public recitation. She was frightened, and stopped for a moment, then courageously began again: 'Suffer little—' Again her fear overcame her, but being a resolute little one she made a third attempt and said: 'Suffer little children.' The third time she looked with dismay at the upturned faces and stopped. With a last grand effort she repeated, not exactly the verse, but these words: 'Jesus wants us all to come to Him, and don't anybody try to stop us!'

Which was better, to repeat the exact words, or to have their meaning burned into her little heart?—Selected.

'Number 77.'

It was near noon. The cars down Main street were crowded. As the car driven by motorman Number 77 approached the railway crossing the warning bell began to ring and the slender, long-armed gates reached down across the street. A train was coming, and although it was hidden by a wall of buildings, its clank and puff showed it to be about to cross.

The motorman shut off the current and put on the brake to stop his car. The grade was slightly down, the car was moving rapidly, and as the brake was turned hard around, something snapped. The crank spun in the air with a rattle, and the heavy, helpless car rolled on toward the crossing, with just enough momentum left to carry it through the frail gate and on the track in front of the coming train.

Before one of the terrified passengers could jump or speak, almost before one could think, the motorman had acted. Quick as thought, and with the presence of mind and the boldness that have characterized every hero, he threw the controller wide open again. The car jumped like a horse at the bite of a spur as the powerful current struck it, jumped, then bounded forward, leaped the track and shivered the gate on the farther side as the locomotive rushed past, barely grazing the rear platform.

It was all over and no one was hurt. But the fraction of a second's delay, an instant's hestitation on the part of the motorman, and the car, with its load of human life, would have been struck by the express. The motorman might have jumped and saved himself. He was not responsible for the defective brake. But he was responsible for the safe conduct of those two-score passengers; and he was true to his duty, the master in a supreme emergency.

The passengers changed to other cars; the motorman waited until an empty car arrived from the barn, and with his hands upon the controller and brake, went his way, on down the route, jolting and clinging through his humdrum round, the same common looking motorman, Number 77, as before.

Standing directly behind him on the platform during the terrible moment was a young clergyman, who was preaching in one of the large city churches while the pastor was temporarily absent. He was fresh from the seminary; he had touched life widely at many points, but not deeply. He had had more instruction than experience; he had read more than he had lived; and his religion was as yet much more a matter of thought than of vital life.

This was a real experience that he had just had at the crossing; momentary, it is true, in actual time, but very long in the intensity it gave to living. His escape seemed like a miracle; and more and more, as he thought about it, did the conduct of the motorman seem miraculous. Who was Number 77? How came this common, simple man by such self-mastery, such quickness, decision and self-effacement? What had given him that unusual ability to see at a glance the right thing to do and that still rarer willingness to do it? He would go to the office of the street railway company and find out about him.

That evening the young clergyman held a service in the little mission chapel of the church of one of the poorer districts of the city. For the first time since it occurred, the escape at the crossing had slipped from his thought, until in front of him as the meeting was nearing its close, he noticed a man in the uniform of the street railway company.

The first verses of the hymn he had given out were sung but the minister did not hear. His eyes were fixed upon the man with the uniform. He was living over the experience on the car, when all unconscious of the clergyman's thought, the man in the uniform closed his eyes, and in a deep, rich voice took up the last stanza of the hymn:

'Here we learn to serve and give,
And rejoicing self deny;
Here we gather love to live
Here we gather faith to die.'

As he sang the rays of light fell glistening upon his cap in the aisle, and the clergyman saw the number—77.

Then he understood. His questions were answered.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Windows Dolly Cleaned.

'All I know is I left 'em clean and nice this morning,' said Dolly, with a flounce; 'and if you want 'em cleaned twice in one day you'd better get the leather and do 'em yourself.' And out she bounced, leaving her mother looking as mothers do when their girls forget themselves so far as to speak in that kind of way.

That is really what had happened. Dolly had cleaned the windows when the sun was off them—which was right enough in itself—but, being in a hurry to get through what she had to do, she had not stopped—as anybody knows is necessary—to make sure she had polished off all the smears and clouds. The consequence was that the sun no sooner came round that side of the house and tried to shine through them, than it made them look nothing but smears and clouds.

Nothing like the light of the sun to show up shabby things and dirty corners and half-done work; and nothing like the light of Christ to show up our shabby lives, with their nasty tempers and half-hearted service.

Meanwhile Dolly had rushed up-stairs to change her dress, for she was going somewhere with a friend.

When she came down, her temper would not let her go to say 'good-bye.' She even

slipped out the back way; and as the windows—which her mother was putting right—were in the front, she got away without either seeing or being seen.

Dolly enjoyed herself a good deal that afternoon. When the conscience is not awakened by the love of Christ, it doesn't always speak very loud; and self-love has a way of arguing it down.

Dolly had not been in her friend's society half an hour when she had clean forgotten the whole occurrence.

But she had to come home; and that brought it all back to mind.

'Nice and cross mother'll be, I expect!' said she to herself, with a glance up at the windows as she ran up the path. 'I suppose I oughtn't to have gone off without saying "good-bye." But I hate to be nagged at! I don't see they look so bad either,' continued she. Then she turned into the best sitting-room, and pulled aside the curtains. 'They're clean enough for anything,' said she aloud.

Just then a sound in the far corner of the room made her start—a sound something between a sigh and a yawn. The room was so dark with the twilight that she had not noticed her mother lying on the couch. A blush of shame rushed to her temples. Her mother must have heard!

'Aren't you well, mother?' asked she, feeling rather uncomfortable.

'My head has been very bad all day,' replied her mother, 'so I came here to lie down. I have had a lovely little doze, and feel quite refreshed.' And she sat up.

'I wonder what made it bad?' said Dolly.

'Very likely it was rubbing those windows in the sun,' replied her mother. 'It was rather unwise of me, but I knew you hadn't time to stay just then, if you were to be in time for Maud. And to-morrow is Saturday, and brings its own work. And they could not go as they were over Sunday. I did not mean to be hard on you, my child. A bright light always shows things up, and you had not taken quite pains enough.'

But Molly flung herself upon her knees beside the couch.

'Oh, mother,' she cried, 'I see now! All the while I was so rude and selfish you were forgiving me and helping me, and making your head ache to set my careless work right. What can I do?'

But her mother drew her close.

'Love me, darling; that is all,' said she. 'And love God, who, whilst men were defying Him and living on in their wicked, wilful ways, was planning in His great heart of love how He could break their hard hearts by His love in Jesus Christ, and bring them back in penitence. For "if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, then have we fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." '—'Child's Companion.'

The Taming of Cedric.

A Story for the Young.

Once upon a time there lived a young knight named Cedric. His father and mother were dead, and in dying his father had appointed as his guardian a good and wise knight named Merowen, whose right hand had not yet forgotten his cunning, for though he was now growing old he still led forth the troops to battle, and in the lists not one could overthrow him. Ever after the death of his father Merowen had lived with Cedric to train him to be great and brave and noble. Now the boy had grown to be seventeen years of age, and was of a hot and fiery temper, as his father had been before him, so that he often argued with Merowen and thought that he (though he was but a stripling of seventeen years), knew better than the old warrior whose hair was as white as snow.

Now it happened that war broke out in the land, and the cry arose, 'To arms,' and Cedric went to Merowen and said, 'Let me forth to fight; I am old enough and strong enough.' But Merowen made answer, 'Learn first to fight the battles of thine heart here in thy castle, and then shalt thou go forth to fight the battles of the land.'

Then Cedric went away angry, and in his own chamber he stamped his foot for rage, for he feared Merowen and dared not oppose him openly in this.

And on the next day it so chanced that as Cedric went across the courtyard, a poor lean cur which had come to pick up scraps to still the pangs of hunger, was there gnawing at a bone; and as Cedric passed he kicked at it, and shouted roughly at the poor beast, and went on his way careless, though the cur slunk away howling for pain.

And at sunset he went again to Merowen. 'Let me go to battle,' he said. But Merowen answered, 'Learn first to show mercy in thine own castle; every true warrior showeth himself merciful.'

And Cedric went away in anger.

And after a few days it so happened that he would go a-hunting, but his esquire brought his horse for him later than he had commanded; and the boy roared at him when he came leading the steed, and flung his glove straight in his face, and went off singing to the hunt, though his esquire was sore ashamed.

And that evening Cedric went to his guardian and said, 'Let me go to battle'; but Merowen made answer, 'Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' And the young knight went away vexed and grieved.

And after a short time it came to pass that as Cedric walked in the garden there came a young maid carrying a basket of broken bits for the chickens, and as she passed along, a branch caught her apron so that she stumbled and fell, and the broken pieces were scattered. And when he saw it Cedric laughed loudly; and seeing their young lord laugh, his esquires laughed too, and not one helped the maid or gathered the pieces for her. And the maid blushed rosy-red for shame, and gathered up the pieces and limped away with the tears in her eyes, for she had hurt her ankle.

And at evening-time Cedric went again to Merowen and said, 'When may I go forth to battle?' and he made answer, 'Learn what true chivalry meaneth, and then thou mayst go to battle; every true warrior is chivalrous.'

And Cedric was very angry, for he thought Merowen foolish and overbearing, and little knew how great was his love for him; and he said many hard and bitter things to him, and grew so violent that all his esquires dreaded to come near him. And that night he resolved, that, come what might, he would forth to the camp and make his name great in the land, and show Merowen what a valiant knight he was. So next morning he arose with the sun, crept out to the stable, and having saddled his steed, rode off like the wind.

It was a morning to make the heart glad; the dew lay fresh on the meadows; his heart swelled with the joy of youth, and all nature seemed to call him on to victory.

He rode about a mile from the castle and came to the bridge that crosses the rivulet, and then his horse started, for there arose by the wayside, pale, emaciated, and clothed in dirty clouts, a beggar who stretched forth his hands and said, 'Help me, sir knight; give me an alms for the sake of Him who died, for I famish with hunger.' But Cedric shouted at him, 'Back, dog, thou dost affright my horse'; and when the beggar-man saw that he had laid his hand on his sword he shrank back trembling.

'DRINK THIS, POOR FELLOW'

And Cedric rode on many miles toward the mountain-range beyond which he knew the camp lay, but when at length he came to the rocky defiles a sudden foreboding of evil seized him. High up, a speck on the blue heaven, an eagle hovered as if to watch him, and as he entered the valley an adder went hissing over the path before the horse's hoofs. A crow that flapped its wings and cawed, sat on a rock close by; 'Go back,' it seemed to say to his guilty conscience. But he swore at the crow in passing, and rode straight forward. As he rode the grave words of Merowen seemed to ring in his ears, and he could not drive his gloomy thoughts away.

The mountain gorges were dark; no sunny meadow lay stretched on either hand, and the singing birds were still. As he passed on (fearing at length the very sound of his horse's hoofs), on a sudden a shout arose, and wild rough men surrounded him.

'Down with this stripling,' they said. 'Why

should he go dressed in shining armor on a good horse while we go afoot and weary?'

Cedric tried to cry for help, but naught availed, for who was there to hear? They stripped him of his armor, and binding his hands behind him, drove him on before them, as if he were a beast. And so, hungry and fainting, he had to go many miles until they reached the mountain hold where the robbers lived.

And now words cannot describe the misery of the life Cedric had to live. Starved and beaten, the taunt of them all, he had to do for these low and rough men the most menial duties. At first a sudden frenzy would oft-times seize him; he would try to escape, and when they held him, would hold up his head proudly, saying, 'Do ye not know that I am the lord of Asphodel?' But stripes and misery gradually broke his proud spirit, and he grew at length so weak that he had not energy to answer his persecutors. In was then, when buffeted and reviled, that he thought many a time, against his own will, of the cruel insolence he had shown to those around him in the days of his prosperity. And this went on for many months, until none who had known the youth in the time of his wealth would have recognized in the dirty, emaciated fellow who cowered before his masters, the noble boy who was once the pride of his castle. And then it chanced one day that the robbers brought in another prisoner, a holy man. He was clad in garments simple and worn, but when Cedric looked on him he thought his face as the face of an angel, and there stole into his heart a ray of hope, for the first time during his captivity. And strange it was that even the wild, rough men of the mountain seemed awed by his presence and treated him with reverence, though they kept him too a close prisoner. And when at last there fell to Cedric the chance of conversation with Stephanus (for such was his name), the hermit comforted him with the comfort of God, for he told him how there may dawn light in the darkest hour, and how God hears the voice of those that cry to Him in their sore need. And Cedric began to pray, though it was scarce strange that he prayed rather for forgiveness than release, for he knew now the full extent of his pride and stubbornness. And one day, as he sat and talked to Stephanas, some of the robbers who had been forth to seek prey with their chief returned, bearing him on a litter, for he had been wounded in a fray. And day by day the hermit tended him, for he was skilled in leechcraft and knew the use of herbs; but the wound was angry and deep, and the life of the robber-chief slowly ebbed away. And as his strength failed, he too was filled with remorse for his evil deeds, and turned for help to the holy man who was with them. And after three weeks he died, but as he died his hand was in the hand of Stephanas, and on his lips were the words of the publican who said of old, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

After the death of their chief the robbers were softened and subdued, and treated their captives more kindly than before, and they came one day to the hermit and told him that for his pure life and goodness to their chief in his dying they would let him go free.

But Stephanas set himself like a rock, and said, 'Not except this youth go forth with me.' And for many days they argued and would not have it so, but at length they said, 'Go,' and so the two went forth free together. But before they went, many of the wild men knelt to crave the good man's blessing, and he gave it, praying God to turn them from their evil life, as many did later turn.

The hermit and Cedric went back through the rocky gorge where the evil had fallen on the boy before, but Cedric was now so weak that he could not walk for long, and often sank down fainting; and when they came at length to the bridge by the brook he could go no farther, but sat there by the roadside while Stephanas went on to tell those who had so long mourned him as dead, of his coming.

And as Cedric sat there alone, there came a knight on horseback along the road, and though he heard, as one in a dream, the sound of horse's hoofs, he did not lift his head to look, for he felt as if his life were passing from him and he cared no more for sight or sound. And he that was on the horse stopped and called out, 'What ails thee, poor fellow?' and when he made no answer the knight dismounted and fetched water from the brook in his helm to revive him. And when he knelt by him and held him by the shoulder to give him the draught, saying, 'Drink this, poor fellow,' Cedric was aroused at last, and lifted his head wearily to see who it was that touched him. And then he uttered a great cry of surprise and joy, and swooned away in the arms of the stranger knight, for the one who spoke to him with such tenderness was Merowen himself.

And how Merowen took him home and tended him till his strength came to him again, I can scarce tell, for his love was like the love of the father who fell of old on the neck of the prodigal and kissed him.

And Merowen never spoke once of the old evil days, for all was not alone forgiven but forgotten by him. But Cedric forgot not, and prayed constantly that God would keep him humble; and by this he became noble of heart and chivalrous, so that it length all spoke of him in the land as Cedric the great and good.—A. Mary R. Dobson, in the 'Sunday at Home.'

Trudie's Promise.

'You will be sure to carry the fresh buttermilk over to Aunt Lucy this afternoon, will you, Trudie?' said mother, looking out from the back of the old carriage, as it was about to roll out of the yard.

'It's in a pail in the cellar, all ready to take. You'll not forget?'

'No'm,' answered Trudie, swinging back and forth on the big red gate. 'I'll be partic'lar certain.'

As that was Trudie's most emphatic form of promise, mother nodded good-bye, well content, and passed out of sight down the country road.

'I don't have to do it right now, though,' the little girl said to herself. 'Afternoon lasts a long while.'

But that was before she knew Linda May was coming over to play with her. Afternoons are always shorter when one has some one to play with, and when Linda May proposed housekeeping in the new barn, the time flew very swiftly. The spicy odors began to float out from the kitchen window. Abigail was certainly baking tarts, and when that happened there was always a chance of patty pies or little turnovers; so the young housekeepers grew hungrier every minute while they arranged their new residence.

The parlor in the oat bin was put in proper order, but the bedrooms in the hayloft scarcely had been marked off before the little girls discovered that old Tufty-top had set up housekeeping in that part of the new barn before them, and had a whole nest of fine eggs hidden away. Such a treasure must be taken to Abigail, of course, besides making a delightfully easy way of finding out what she really was doing in the kitchen. Two tempting turnovers were cooling on the table, and it was while the children were lingeringly enjoying these, that a call came from the road:

'Lin-dy May! Lin-dy May!'

A waggon had stopped at the foot of the lane, and Linda May hastily explained, as she caught up her hat: 'That's father, and he's going 'way round the post-office road home, goody!'

'I meant to go 'cross lots with you half-way,' remarked Trudie regretfully.

'But this is longer, and it's a ride,' answered Linda May, half-way down the walk.

Trudie watched her a minute, and then turned back to the house.

'I guess I'll take the buttermilk to Aunt Lucy now,' she said.

'Hasn't it gone yet? Sakes alive! I should think you'd better. It'll be sundown 'fore you know it, child, if you don't fly round.'

Bustling Abigail was always flying round herself, but Trudie construed her remark about the hour quite literally. It really did seem a long time since mother went away, and the great yard began to look lonesome, now that Linda May had gone. It might be almost evening, for things always looked lonesome in the evening.

'But that buttermilk has to go,' Trudie stoutly assured herself. 'I promised partic'lar certain I'd take it.'

She brought the little pail from the cellar, and walked toward the gate. Towser slowly rose from a nap by the porch and trotted after her; but a sudden thought made her send him back. 'Maybe it'll be so late they'll want you to help drive the cows 'fore I get back,' she said. 'No, Towser, no! Go back, sir!'

The command was several times repeated before Towser halted, tail and ears drooping. He was inclined to think Trudie needed him, and he looked after the little figure longingly.

The dry leaves lay thick in Glen Grove as the little girl hastened on, and then rustled drearily under her feet. Woods were dreadfully dangerous places at night; nobody could tell what might be in them, she thought, her heart beginning to beat fast. Then suddenly she caught the sound of other steps besides her own, soft, pattering steps upon the leaves. She turned, and the sound ceased, but she had caught one glimpse of a dark form among the bushes, and that was enough. She was sure it was a wolf. Oh, how Trudie flew along the path! It was well that the lid of the pail fitted closely, and that mother had put it on carefully, or there would have been little milk left for Aunt Lucy. As it was, Trudie clung to her swaying burden until she reached her destination, then she dropped it upon the step, and sprang into Uncle Ben's arms as he met her in the doorway.

'I brought it—spite of dark—and wolves—and everything!' she sobbed breathlessly.

'Brave little girl!' Brave little girl!' declared Uncle Ben comfortingly, as he heard her story, though the boys laughed teasingly at the idea of any danger in the grove.

'Things get dangerous at night, and I heard him running behind me,' panted Trudie.

'But, dearie, it will not be night, not even dusk, for a good two hours yet,' said Uncle Ben.

'There's your wolf; he's come all the way after you,' laughed the boys.

Looking out, she saw Towser, who had slyly followed her after all, but had not dared to catch up with her, lest he should be ordered back again. Sympathy, Aunt Lucy's cookies, and the fact that sunset was still a comfortable distance away changed the whole aspect of affairs, and half an hour later Trudie went happily homeward, frisking with Towser, and not in the least afraid.—Kate W. Hamilton in the 'N. C. Advocate.'

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Think a Moment.

Boys do a great many thoughtless and foolish things 'for fun,' that mortify them very much in the remembrance. To have been caught in somebody's garden, or stealing a neighbor's choice fruit, or taking a gate off its hinges, or crawling under a showman's tent, or playing any kind of a trick to the injury of another, and that has to be accomplished in a sneaking way, won't seem very clever if you ever grow to be a man of sense. You will hate it, and wonder that you could ever have thought it sharp.

Don't flatter yourselves that the worst thing about a mean act is in being caught at it or found out. You can't be low, or vicious, or tricky, without somebody knowing it, and it does not take long for a good many to find you out. It takes extraordinary talent and deception to have a good reputation concealing a bad character, and it is never worth trying for. The way to seem to be trustworthy is

to be trustworthy. There was never yet a boy who was manly, honest, and worthy of confidence that people did not find him out and give him his due. You can't afford to trifle with your reputation. If you descend to indecent and immoral conduct it will soil your character and hurt your prospects, no matter what your friends may do for you, or how you may try to conceal from good people that you do these things. Just so long as you allow yourself to practise the habits that are condemned by pure, upright, straightforward people of integrity—whether you do it openly or on the sly, you will make no progress in the formation of a fine character, or in building up a good reputation. So when you are tempted to any low, tricky, dishonest, mean, or unworthy act, stop long enough to think what the effect is going to be upon your own soul, your own mind, your own reputation, if that is your strongest motive, and don't do it. The writer of this cares too much for the good of every boy that lives not to be pained that any one of you should endanger his future by any vile practice, by any bad habit, by anything that is weak, or low, or enervating—that will hinder you from making the very best and noblest man of yourself that is possible for you to become. Don't make any excuses about lack of talent. If you have brains enough to make you a rogue, you have enough to make you a power for good. Don't complain of any hindrance of circumstances. There is almost no obstacle to him who wills, certainly none worth mentioning.—'Christian Age.'

Out of the Fire: A Story of Indian Life.

(John Mervin Hall, in the 'Baptist Missionary Magazine.')

Jadda Gurappa, with the ring of true conviction in his musical voice, concluded his sermon with the words: 'Yes, that good time is coming, when every knee shall bow, and every tongue in India confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.'

Never had the best native preacher on the staff of the missionary at Pullikonda spoken with greater eloquence and exaltation; and it was not till most of the people had left the bazaar that he noticed a little, lean, gray dirty old man who was beckoning to him with a bony finger. Jadda was used to all sorts of enquiries, and he readily followed the old man to the outskirts of the village; and when the messenger was sure that no one was near he turned and spoke a single word, 'Perama.'

'My sister!' cried Jadda, 'what of her?'

'The king of Jubbulnugger is dying at Gonalugudda,' said the old man, 'and the Brahmans have decreed that Perama must be bound with him upon the funeral pyre.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed Jadda: 'Such a horrible thing has not been known for years; besides the government—'

'I am Guraviah,' interrupted the old man, 'and I have come to you because your sister saved the life of my son. But,' and the old heathen's eyes gleamed, 'once, twice, I have seen sati. It will all be over before the captain sahib hears, and when he comes—there will be no trace.'

There was not a moment to lose. Already the sun was setting as Jadda hastened to the compound to tell the missionary that he must go on a journey into the jungle, to be gone, he could not tell just how many days.

'But, Jadda,' began the missionary, 'can't you explain what it is that you are going to do?'

'No, I cannot,' said he sadly, 'but it is a matter of life and death, teachplace where the king of the little naer, and I want you to trust me and pray for me.'

'I'll do both,' said the missionary heartily, as he grasped the hand of his fellow worker, 'and may God bless and keep you.'

All through the night Jadda travelled swiftly, and at dawn he reached a small village where he had often preached. Many greeted him as he passed along the street, but he hastened till he came to a house out of which a tall, lithe-limbed young man came to meet him. To him he spoke eagerly:

'Yerriah, I have come to ask you to go with me because you are the swiftest runner in the province, and I shall have need of you. Take a little food, and we will hasten on before the sun is hot; as we go I will explain what it is that you may have to do.'

Deeper, deeper, through jungle and forest, the two went forward all that day, and as the afternoon sun revealed the scarlet glory of the full-blossomed 'Flame of the Forest Tree,' Yerriah said, 'We cannot be far now from Gonalugudda.'

'No,' said Jadda, 'it is just over the brow of the next range of hills. Before we go farther we must cast aside our clothing, for we must not enter the city to-night as Christians but as heathen,' and he took from his bundle a pair of waist cloths, and a long, sharp, two-edged knife. The sun went down on two men clothed in white; but the full moon only dimly revealed two dark figures slowly toiling through the jungle toward the summit of Gonalugudda hill. Soon after they crossed the ridge they came upon a road, straight and solid, and began to see lights moving in the village.

'Yerriah,' whispered Jadda, 'you must not go into the village with me. You have the paper that I gave you?'

'Yes Jadda,' said the young man.

'This road leads straight down the mountain to Dharkonda. Remain here till I go into the village, and if I bring you word that the king is dead, then run as for your life to Dharkonda and give the paper to Captain Cunningham of the troopers.'

Suddenly a long, low, weird cry floated out on the night air from the village.

'Listen! listen! the king is already dead!' said Jadda. 'Go, Yerriah, and may our God protect your footsteps, for more than one life depends upon your swiftness and endurance.'

Yerriah sped along the road like an antelope before a leopard, and in a moment was lost to view. Jadda turned and quietly entered the village. Gonalugudda was the summer-time State of Jubbulnugger, who had been fond of driving and hunting, and had sought the cool breezes of the hills; and Jadda cautiously made his way among the scores of fine carriages, stables of beautiful horses, and cages of wild beasts, where huge leopards walked to and fro incessantly, and lacerated their paws against their iron bars. He cared little for these things, but soon saw groups of men in different parts of the village, talking in low tones, but evidently with much excitement. Silently, hidden by a line of the king's carriages, he drew near one of these groups, until he could hear what was said.

'Yes,' said one, 'it was time that the old custom should be used again. The priests say that the gods think we have forgotten them in these days.'

'And which of his wives will it be?' asked another voice.

'Know you not, slow lizard?' sneered the other. 'Who but Perama—Ratnam, the jewel of them all.'

'Why must it be Perama?' said another, a young man; 'why not one of the older wives?'

'Because, young fool, the younger she is, the more acceptable to the gods, and to the king in the other world.'

'There is another reason,' said a little old man, who had just joined the group. 'It is said that Perama has a brother who is a preacher of the Christ religion, and that before the king took her she had learned from her brother to despise our gods.'

'Then it is well,' said the others.

Back in the shadow of the carriages the fingers of Jadda sought the handle of his long, sharp knife; but he sighed as he said to himself, 'Not yet.'

An hour later, from that part of the forest which was nearest to the buildings where the king's wives, had their apartments, a voice, clear, resonant, musical, cried out:—'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!'

Many rushed into the woods, but they found no man; and those who went farthest came running back in terror, declaring that a fierce leopard had met them face to face. And among all those who heard the strange cry in the night, one only understood its meaning. In her closely guarded room Perama lifted up her head, and a faint smile of ineffable sweetness lighted up her face, as she said, 'It is Jadda, but he cannot save me.'

Very early in the morning preparations were made for the funeral. It was to be a king's burning, and every token of princely state was observed. Tall, strong bamboo stakes marked the four corners of the funeral pyre, and under the direction of the Brahmans, men went into the woods, two by two, and brought dry logs on their shoulders till the bamboo square was four feet deep with wood. Many strangers had come in from the jungle hamlets near by, and in the intense excitement no one noticed that there was one among them who often removed his fascinated gaze from the swiftly growing pile to look eagerly down the little stretch of road which could be seen from the burning ghat. This was Jadda, and he slowly worked his way nearer to the funeral pile, and began to help those who were winding cotton rope around the logs, pouring on oil and butter and casting on heaps of sandal-chips and other perfumed woods, as befitted the burning of a king. All now were compelled to make room while the body of the king was brought forth from the village. Resting on a richly draped litter, it was slowly borne through the assembled crowd to the pyre. The form was concealed by fold after fold of costly shawls of cashmere to which were fastened the dead king's orders, some of them blazing with jewels. The body was laid upon the pyre, the workmen again crowded around and placed above it more logs and oil and chips of perfumed wood, while the ends of the bamboo branches were brought together above the pile in a sort of bower, on which flowers were hung. Jadda climed to the top with a great branch of 'Flame of the Forest'; and as he fastened it to the bamboos he strained his fevered eyes to look down the Dharkonda road; but it was silent and empty.

When the pyre was complete, the multitude swayed backward and breathed audibly, like some great monster. Every muscle was tense, and the eyes of all, except one, were turned immovably toward the way that led to the house of the king's wives. Slowly the Brahmans came forth, and with them was Perama. She was arrayed in bridal costume, with many jewels upon her neck and arms. Her face was unveiled; and her thick, dark hair, unbound, flowed to her little feet.

'The wife who commits herself to the flames with her husband's corpse,' chanted the Brahmans from the Puranas, 'shall equal Arundhoti, and dwell in heavenly bliss.' Then were the depths of heathenism revealed. The eyes of the seething crowd gloated on the beautiful sight. There was a quick beating in every cheek, a clicking of tongues like that of a wild beast before its bloody banquet. The drummers and musicians drew near the pyre, ready to drown the cries of torture with their hideous noise.

Along the narrow lane, bordered by dark, frenzied faces, Perama walked calmly, her lips slowly moving, her eyes lifted to the cloudless sky. As she came near the pyre Jadda could distinguish some of the words: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.'

'The soldiers will be too late,' thought Jadda in silent anguish. 'We will pass through the valley together, Perama, sister, but not by the path of fire.'

At the foot of the pyre the procession halted, and Perama distributed her jewels among the near relatives of the king. Refusing the eager hands of the Brahmans she ascended to the seat beneath the garlands, and the king's brother touched the oil-soaked wood with a blazing torch.

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of the multitude, like a lightning stroke, Jadda leaped upon the pyre, clasped his sister in his arms, and swiftly bore her to the ground, and carried her to the edge of the road before the startled crowd realized what had happened.

But the tiger was not ready to be robbed of its prey. With a fierce howl of rage the crowd rushed upon him as he stood with his knife in his hand, and one arm holding his sister closely to his side.

'Back, back!' he cried; then with exultation and triumph in his voice he shouted, 'Aye, flee, brutes, cowards, for the troopers are here!'

Clattering hoofs, clanging sabres, shouting men—the troopers swept the place like a broom, and left the two Christians alone.

'And, Perama,' said Jadda, when they were at peace again, 'you shall go with me to the mission station, and the missionary's wife shall teach you; and together we will come back to Gonalugudda and tell these people the story of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.'

Bob Burdette 'To my Son.'

'The music is not good.'

'The pews are not comfortable.'

'The church is too far away, and I detest riding in a street-car.'

'The sermon is always so long.'

The above objections against church-going are familiar to us all, but 'Bob' Burdette would answer them in this way:

All of these things are indeed to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my son, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street-car, with a hundred men, breathing an incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, hang to a strap by your eyelids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the hot sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into your ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of paralysis about the "dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground."

'My son, if you didn't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.'—Selected.

The Ward of the Dog.

The servant man of a family took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back to land.

A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the servant tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire.

From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed. —'Ram's Horn.'

Mercy.

Mercy did not like her name, and she felt that no one could blame her. Whoever heard of a girl named Mercy! That is, nowadays. To be sure, it was grandmother's name, and Mercy loved grandmother dearly, but that did not make matters any easier to bear.

And then, too, Brother Tom was always teasing. Whenever mother's cheerful voice was heard to say encouragingly, 'That's a girl,' Tom was sure to reply, 'That's a mercy!' and no matter what surprising or ridiculous thing happened, it was sure to bring forth the ejaculation, 'O, Mercy!' from that big brother.

And at school! At school she dreaded it more yet, and dreaded it more than ever this year, for they had moved to a new home, and the people were wealthy and more stylish, and would have more stylish names, Mercy thought.

The aspect of the school, however, cheered her very much. It was filled with smiling faces, and looked bright and homelike, and the teacher, too, a young lady, had a kind word and a smile of welcome for everyone.

But alas! As soon as the great bell was rung and they were all seated, she began taking the name of each child, calling for them by number. When she called for number twelve, Mercy's number, the room was silent. A very flushed and uncomfortable little face shone down in the second row, but entreaties and commands were all in vain. Miss Grey could get no answer. At last, very puzzled, she told Mercy to stay in with her at noon. Mercy did not mind this at all; it would be much easier to tell Miss Grey alone than when she was surrounded by a roomful of eager boys and girls.

When noon came Miss Grey had hardly finished repeating her question before the little girl cried: 'It's Mercy, just Mercy, and I hate it!'

Miss Grey looked surprised and answered, 'Why, I think it's a pretty name.'

'I don't,' declared Mercy, stoutly.

Miss Grey was silent for a moment, but when she did speak she said words Mercy never forgot.

'Your name is lovely, Mercy, could you live up to its true and beautiful meaning, and that is what I want you to do, dear. Be merciful. Try it, and in time you will have a name anyone would be proud to bear. Try hard, and you will succeed.'

And Mercy did try and did succeed. She became kind and cheerful, a favorite in the schoolroom. Even when brother Tom nicknamed her 'Merciful Mercy,' she only laughed. She had found there was joy in being Mercy, after all.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Five Holes for a Halfpenny.

Old Betty was getting very feeble but her heart was still young and warm, for she was an earnest Christian and loved her Saviour.

Still, as she sat at her window and saw the girls go down the street, laughing and talking as they went, she wished she had their youth and energy.

'Wouldn't I do a lot for Him,' she said to herself. Old Betty would show them then how to work for the Saviour who has died for her.'

But presently she began to wonder whether even she, old and feeble, as she was, might not do something more to spread the knowledge of the love of God among men.

While she sat at the window thinking about this, she looked out from time to time at the mill girls hurrying home.

Suddenly an idea struck her. She noticed that the hard wooden clogs of the girls had worn holes in many of their stockings. Either the girls were too lazy, or too tired when they came home, or, their hours gave them too little leisure, but certain it was that the holes were unmended, and that gave old Betty her idea.

She was not an uneducated woman, and she wrote out on a sheet of paper. 'Old Betty mends Stockings. Five Holes for a Halfpenny.'

This she pinned up in her window, and waited for orders.

They soon came. Betty was now hard at work. Betty, too, was very happy. She had enough before her for all her simple wants, and every halfpenny earned by mending the stockings went into a box.

By the end of the year old Betty had twenty-nine shillings to give to the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth, and was very proud and happy.

If old Betty, poor and aged and feeble, could do so much, I wonder what you could do? You have a brain to think of something, and busy little fingers to earn something or make something. If you provided yourself with a box and tried to fill it, to help forward Christ's work, I think you would be surprised at the result, and very happy in helping the cause of the Saviour who loved you and gave Himself for you.—'Our Own Magazine.'

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial,'
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Uncoupled.

[For the 'Messenger.']

A train of passenger cars stood on the main line, anxious faces every little while were to be seen looking from the car windows. Why this delay? The conductor passed down the aisle, and a young man with a sad face asked the cause of the delay. We have a broken draw bar on the engine, and cannot couple up, was his answer.

The young man took his seat, and resting his head upon his hands, was soon lost in deep thought. Many years he had been absent from home, and now, as he returned upon the urgent request of his father, to come and see his dying mother, his thoughts wandered back to his boyhood days. What happy days they were!

The conductor's answer to his question had awakened a new thought within him. That mother in his early days had told to him the story of the Cross, had taken him by the hand and together they had gone to the little church upon the hill, and there from the lips of God's servant he had learned the way to a holy life. Time had brought many changes, as he looked back that parting scene of ten years ago came up before him, and he seemed to feel that kiss of his dear mother as she bade him good-bye at the old farm gate, and then the drive to the station, and the parting words of his father. All seemed to rush to his memory now. Would he ever see her alive again? He breathed for the first time in many years a short prayer that God might spare her life. The hissing of steam awoke him, and in a short time the train was speeding on its way.

Just as the sun was setting on the following day the train drew up at the little way station, and there stood his father waiting for him. In a short time he would be home, and although he never saw his mother in perfect health again, yet God answered his prayer, and he was her companion till God took her to himself.

What a lesson he had learned on that day when the engine parted from the train, never did he forget it, uncoupled from God and home affections. Dear reader, where are you? On the main line of life with no power to guide you but the vanities and follies of this world, have you laid aside your home training? Have the words that were spoken by a Godly mother been forgotten?

Have you in your wild chase for fortune, fame or pleasure, been unmindful of the Great Law Giver? Better stop for a little time and consider. Let the world rush madly on, it will pay you to mend the break and then go on in safety, knowing that Jesus Christ is your Pilot.—W. P. M.

The Crown of Thorns.

A young soldier in Japan came to a mission house early one morning bearing in his hand a piece of thorny briar. Showing it to a missionary he said: 'I once saw a head crowned with thorns like this, and I can never forget it; and whenever I have things to bear in the barracks the thought of that picture helps me. Can you tell me about it, and has it anything to do with your religion?' He became an earnest Christian.—'Gleaner.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Won't and Shan't.

Won't and Shan't were two little
brothers,
Angry and sullen and gruff:
Try and Will are two little sisters,
One can scarcely love them
en ugh.

Won't and Shan't looked down on
their noses,
Their faces are dismal to see;
Try and Will are brighter than
roses
In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Won't and Shan't are backward
and stupid,
Little indeed did they know;
Try and Will learned something
new daily,
And seldom are heedless and
slow.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible
trouble,
Their story is awful to tell;
Try and Will are in the school-
room,
Learning to read and to spell.
—Selected.

'Hiding the Thimble.'

By Isla May Mullins, in 'The Christian Age.')

'Let's all play "Hiding the Thimble?"' exclaimed Mildred.

It was a favorite play with all the children, and there was at once a chorus of 'Oh, let's!'

It was grandma's birthday, and the little cousins had gathered in from four families to celebrate it. Roy was twelve and Mildred eleven and a half, the two eldest of the cousins, and so they were the leaders. Then there were eight, nine and 'tenners,' as Roy put it, a little six-year-old, and tiny Winnie Wee, not quite three.

Of course Roy had to be 'it' first, so all the rest scampered out in the big hall and chattered and laughed and danced while he hid the thimble. It took him a long time, for of course, being the biggest, he must hide it where they never would find it.

He at last decided to drive a pin in the wall high up, and just at the edge of the old toy case, so they would not notice it, but at last it was found. And so they played at hiding and searching, choosing all the out-of-the-way places they could think of, one sticking it on the rod of the upper hinge behind the door into the hall, which they threw open as they came in, and did not think to look behind for the longest time. At last everybody had hidden the thimble except Winnie Wee.

'Now let Winnie Wee hide it!' exclaimed Mildred.

'O pshaw!' said Roy. 'She can't hide it; she's too little. 'Twouldn't be any fun at all!'

'Yes, she can hide it!' cried Mildred. 'Can't you, Winnie Wee, precious?' Mildred was a real mother-girl, and Winnie Wee being all by herself, as she expressed it, because there were no brothers and sisters, she took the wee waif right under her wing.

'Yes, I tan,' said Winnie Wee, firmly.

Mildred gave her some instructions, and then they all trooped out.

Winnie Wee stood in the room as they left her, looking down at the thimble in her hand. She did not notice their first gentle calls, but stood trying it first on one little finger and then another. But it bobbed about and would not stay, and finally, just as there was a clamor from outside the door of:

Winnie Wee! Winnie Wee! Let us come in!' the thimble stuck fast on one little thumb, and she called, 'Tum!'

They all 'tumbled' in, sure enough, and looked about, each ex-

Did you ever hear of a cat clock? If you were to go to China and wanted to know the time of day, the boy you asked might say, 'Wait, and I'll tell you.'

Away he'd go to some miserable shanty, and bring out a sleepy looking cat perhaps, and, softly pushing up her eyelids, assure you that it was not noon yet.

You would wonder how a cat's eyes could tell him. But it is a fact that the eyes of a cat always become narrow before noonday, so narrow as to look like a fine line, up and down. After twelve o'clock the pupil will grow large again.

Just look in your pussy's eyes, and see if you can tell, as the boys and girls do in China, what o'clock it is. Perhaps you can.—'Little One's Annual.'

pecting to seize the thimble at once. Roy sauntered in alone, not feeling it was even worth while to pick it up from where the baby would probably drop it.

But the searchers did not exclaim at once, and their interest began to quicken. Finally one and another would say, 'Why, Winnie Wee, you are the best hider of all!' while they whispered to each other that they believed she had thrown it away or swallowed it! At the last dread suggestion Mildred stooped down to the little girl and said:

'Precious, what did you do with it?' But the wee sprite, with hands clasped behind her, only danced up and down, her bright eyes shining. Feeling that she surely could not look so happy with a thimble stuck in her throat, Mildred joined the searchers again. But it was all in vain. They looked and looked and could not find it; even Roy gave it up. Then they all gathered about the little girl, and after much persuasion and promises of candy and treasures of various sorts if she would tell, the little hands were unclasped, and a thimble-capped little thumb popped into view.

'O grandma,' they said, when seated at the table, 'we have had the best time, and Winnie Wee was the biggest fun of all!'

Making the Best of It.

'What a dreary day this is!' said the old gray goose to the brown hen, as they stood at the hen-house window, and watched the falling snow which covered every nook and corner of the farm-yard.

'Yes, indeed!' answered the brown hen. 'I would almost be willing to be made into chicken pie on such a dismal day.'

She had scarcely stopped talking when a Pekin duck said, fretfully: 'I am dreadfully hungry,' and a little flock of speckled chickens all huddled together wailed in sad chorus, 'And we're so thirsty.'

In fact the feathered folk in the hen-house were very much inclined to be cross and discontented. Since the farmer's boy fed them, early in the morning, they had been given nothing to eat or drink; and as hour after hour went by and the cold winter wind howled about their house, it is no wonder they felt deserted.

The handsome white rooster, however, appeared quite as happy as usual, and that is saying a good deal; for a jollier, better-natured old fellow than he never graced a farmyard. Sunshine, rain or snow were all the same to him; and he crowed quite as lustily under any and all circumstances.

'Well,' said he, laughing heartily as his bright eyes glanced about the hen-house, 'you all seem to be having a fit of the dumps.'

The only reply to this remark was a faint cluck or two from some meek appearing hens, who immediately put their respective heads back under their wings, as though ashamed to have spoken at all.

This indifference was quite too much for the owner of the white plumage who, standing first on one yellow foot and then on the other, turning his head side to side, said:

'Well, we are a lively set. Any one would think, to look in here, that we were surrounded by a band of hungry foxes, and that life depended on keeping mum.'

'Just then a daring little white bantam rooster hopped down from his perch, and strutting pompously over to the big white rooster, created quite a stir among the feathered stock by saying:

'We're all lively enough when our crops are full; but when we are starving to death, the wonder is that we can hold our heads up at all. If ever I see that farmer's boy again, I'll—I'll peck his foot.'

'You won't see him until he feeds us, and then I guess you'll peck his corn,' was the reply.

'Oh, oh!' moaned the brown hen, 'don't mention a peck of corn.'

'Madam,' remarked the white rooster, bowing politely, 'your trouble is my own—that is, I am hungry, too. But we might be worse off; we might be on our way to market in a box. Then, too, suppose we haven't had enough to eat to-day; at least we have room enough to stretch our wings.'

'Why, that is a fact!' she answered. And all the feathered people, the smallest chickens included, stretched their wings, adjusted their feathers, and looked a little more animated.

'Now, then,' continued the rooster, 'suppose we have a little music to help pass the hours away before roosting time. We will all crow. There, I beg your pardon, ladies, I am sorry you can't crow. We will sing a merry song. Will you be kind enough to start a lively tune, dear Mrs. Brown Hen?'

The brown hen, thus appealed to, shook herself proudly, tossed her head back, and began in a musical soprano, 'Cut cut cut ka dah cut,' and in less than two minutes every hen in the hen-house joined her.

Now the horses, cows, and sheep were not far away, and hearing the happy voices in the hen-house, they, too, joined in the grand chorus, while the pigs did their best to outsing them all.

Higher and higher, stronger and stronger rose the chorus. Louder and louder quacked the ducks, shriller and shriller squealed the pigs.

So interested and happy did the feathered people become that they quite forgot their hunger until the door of the hen-house burst open, and in came three chubby children, each carrying a dish full of steaming chicken food.

'Don't stop your music, Mr. Rooster,' said the little girl, who was so snugly bundled up that her dear little face was scarcely visible. 'You see, we were so lonesome we didn't know what to do; but, when we heard you all singing out here in your house we laughed and laughed until we pretty near cried. Then we went to tell Jack about you. He was lonesome, too—poor Jack's sick with the sore throat—an' he said, "Why, those poor hens! they haven't been fed since morning."'

'Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!' said the rooster; and nobody asked him to stop crowing.—'Outlook.'

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Correspondence

E. Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I take it and like it very much. I am a boy thirteen years old. I am in the fourth reader, and go to school sometimes. My father is sick at St. Johns, and I have not seen him this last year. I have only one sister, and I like her very well. For a pet I have a dog, and his name is Ring. My sister has a cat, and she calls him Peggy. My dog is very useful in winter, he is a good help, indeed. I go to Sunday school every Sunday that I can get there, and am in the first class of boys. My teacher's name is J. M.

We had a fine schoolroom built last summer. We had our picnic the 24th of Aug., and all enjoyed ourselves very well.

ALBERT MILLEY.

F., N'fl'd.

Dear Editor,—Our holidays are over now, and we are at school again. I am going to study for the 'preliminary' grade this year.

My subjects will be English, grammar, geography, geometry, hygiene, bookkeeping, arithmetic, penmanship, literature, algebra.

One of the scholars of our school passed in the preliminary grade for the first time taking it. She was in the First Division, and would have got a prize, but was too old.

BERT LAKE.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wonder how many of the readers of the 'Messenger' can find these texts in their Bibles:—

A—Ask, and it shall be given you.
B—Blessed are the pure in heart.
C—Charity suffereth long, and is kind.
D—Do all things without murmuring and disputing.
E—Enter not into the path of the wicked.
F—For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord.
G—Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss.
H—Honor the Lord with thy substance.
I—I am the good shepherd.
J—Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.
K—Kings of armies did flee apace.
L—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.
M—Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.
N—Nay, I had not known sin.
O—Open rebuke is better than secret love.
P—Paul purposed in the Spirit.
Q—Quenched the violence of fire.
R—Rejoice ye in that day.
S—Salvation is far from the wicked.
T—They fought from heaven.
U—Unto you therefor which believe He is precious.
V—Vengeance belongeth unto me.
W—When the morning stars sang together.
EX—Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.
Y—Young men likewise exhort to be sober minded.
Z—Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea.

R. A.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from H., I thought I would write. I have received the 'Messenger' at Sunday school as long as I can remember. I passed the entrance examination two years ago, and am now going to college. I have taken elocution lessons for two years, and like it very much. I have two sisters and one brother.

The answer to the 'Ram's Horn' riddle is the book of Romans.

The answer to Katie McKenzie's is a pear.

I will close with a riddle: What kind of man can marry many wives and yet stay single all his life?

WILLA I. CARRUTHERS.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy living on a farm two miles from town. I will be 7 years old on the 29th of March. I do not go to Sunday school yet, as there is none to go to, but I know all the letters of the alphabet, and can make all the letters on my slate. I can spell words with four letters in them. I have for pets one hen and a chicken; the hen's name is Biddy. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have no brothers or sisters, just my mamma and papa. Good-bye.

WILFRID FRANCIS HUGHES.

S., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandparents. We used to live in Gananoque, but we moved West two years ago last March. I have never lived on a farm before, so I think it is a fine life.

I have a pony, yearling colt, yearling heifer, cat, canary, and five hens. My pony's name is Maude, the colt Prince Robert, and the heifer Vivian. The cat is Barbara, and the canary Charlie. Our brand is H U on the right hip. I sit with Katie Whittaker, one of my best school-mates. There are a lot of children going to school now. More ride than drive or walk. I expect to pass the entrance next summer.

IVA. BLANCHARD.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have twenty milking cows, two foals, and six horses. I passed into the fourth book this year at mid-summer. I will try to answer a few questions. The answer to Alfred Duke's is 'It will come to ashes.' Answer to May Boyd's is 'the noise.' The answer to Louise McEvers is: 'A plum pudding.' I think I will send some now:—

In what way is an umbrella like a woman?

If you lost your knife and could not find it, what would you do?

What is it that has a tongue but cannot talk??

What plant is fatal to mice?

When is a cook cruel?

JOHN SCOTT PATTERSON (aged 12).

B. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to your nice little paper. I get the paper in my name, and like it very much. I am going to school now, and am in grade five. I have read a great many books, so many I can't name them. I have some pets, two cats, whose names are Daisy and Beauty, a cow, and a pet calf. My mate is Sadie McKary. I have one little sister, not big enough to go to school.

CHRISTINE JIMIN (aged 10).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'For the Thanksgiving Feast.' Josephine Austin (aged 9), D., Nebr.
2. 'The Sparrows.' Ida Braithwaite, M., P.Q.
3. 'Pony.' Edith Turner (aged 7), H., Ont.
4. 'Johnny.' N. S., B., Ont.
5. 'Red Ridinghood.' Myrtle Best, M., P. Que.

OTHER LETTERS.

J. Wesley Bigger, R., Man., answers Elsie Holder's riddle, and sends in three which have already been asked.

Thomas R. MacKay, L.B., N.S., also gives a riddle already asked. He is one of four boys, and not one sister between them.

Amy Froats, F., Ont., is another to send in a riddle already asked. There are so many letters received that this is very likely to happen, and the one that comes first naturally goes in first.

Katie M. Murphy, E.T., Que., answers Dalton Brooke's riddle. She says her cousin caught a young bear on his farm when he was ploughing. Did he keep it for a pet, Katie?

Eva Fraser, U., B.C., also answers Dalton Brooke's riddle, and both she and Florence Prosser, L., Que., send in riddles, but do not send the answers with them. Always be sure to send the answers; they will not be printed, but we make it a rule not to print riddles to which we do not know the answers beforehand. Write again, both of you, and let us know the answers to your riddles.

Ida Hillier, N., Man., writes a little letter. Sorry there was any mistake, Ida. Will see that your name is spelled correctly in future.

We have also received letters from Lillian Taylor, C., N.S., and from Mabel Warren, C., P.E.I. Your letter is particularly neat, Mabel.

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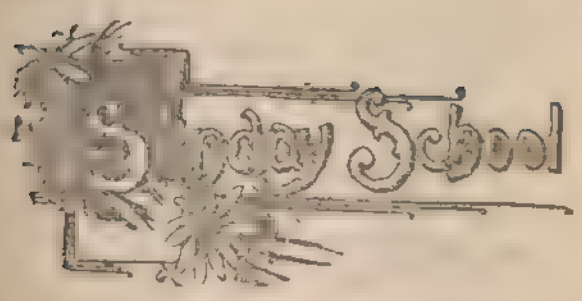

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 25, 1906.

The World's Temperance Sunday.

Isaiah v., 11-23.

Golden Text.

I keep under my body and bring it unto subjection.—I. Cor. ix., 27.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 19.—Is. v., 11-23.
Tuesday, November 20.—Is. v., 1-10
Wednesday, November 21.—Is. v., 24-30.
Thursday, November 22.—Prov. viii., 1-12.
Friday, November 23.—Prov. viii., 13-26.
Saturday, November 24.—Prov. viii., 27-36.
Sunday, November 25.—Prov. xxiii., 29-35.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Isaiah appears in a new role. The prophet becomes the temperance lecturer. The seer who has seen the Messiah, and described His person and kingdom, now stands forth as the public rebuker of the immoralities of his days. But there is no change of style or diction. He does not drop to vulgar familiarity, or facetiousnese, or epithet. He maintains his dignity and his elevated mode of speech even when dealing with drunkards and drunkenness.

The extraordinary assonance of the exordium can not be reproduced in translation. It is fairly mellifluent. But the jewels of the hilt detract nothing from the keenness of the blade. In the prophet's fearless hand, this highly-tempered and richly traced sword lays wide open the national heart with all its wicked thoughts and evil intents.

National opportunity and national responsibility are graphically pictured under the figure of the vineyard advantageously located, planted with choice seed, protected with wall and tower, and furnished with substantial wine-press. National failure is portrayed under the figure of the favored vineyard producing wild grapes. Retribution comes in the desolation of the vineyard. And now Isaiah's auditors feel the relentless grip of the iron hand beneath the velvet glove of his diction, as he says: 'The vineyard is the house of Israel. What the Divine Planter expects from His vineyard is judgment and righteousness. What He gets is oppression and a cry!'

This graceful but skeptical and fearless arraigner of public morals proceeds now to specification under his general charge. He denounces the prevailing laxity, the inordinate greed of those who increase their landed estates by trampling upon the unfortunate who are they have charged exorbitante rates of interest. He arraigns those who in violation of the ceremonial clause of the Judaic Law illegally hold on to their ill-gotten estates. With an awful degree of steel he roots out the meretricious merchandise in the veneration of the divinely instituted sanctuary law.

The second specification is drunkenness. The greed of money is accompanied by a greed for the pleasurable sensations of intoxication. Men pass it as they would a necessitation temperately and continue to do it. Others engage in it as a social festivity and to avoid social estrangement. But both are equally forgetful of the Lord.

Violation of agrarian laws, gods land, violation of physiological law spells ruin. The prophet's woe against the land is fulfilled to the jot. A land that once flowed with milk and honey is now comparatively desolate, and its yielding power immeasurably decreased. But what is that compared with the fearful ruin of men impending? The prophet sees an endless procession in its descent to hell. It is a glorious, multitudinous, pompous, and rejoicing procession; but on its way to hell, none the less. The harmless silken cords of the first stages of inebriety have grown to the size of cart-rope traces. But these drunken wretches are, in a measure, oblivious to the fact that they have degraded themselves to the level of dumb, driven cattle.

In the height of their drunken audacity they profanely and unbelievingly challenge the Almighty. 'Let him come on with His judgments. We would like to see of what manner they are.' Their moral senses are so utterly perverted that evil is good to them, and good evil; darkness is light, and bitter is sweet. In the prophet's degenerate day the wine-tankard is the gauge of the hero. And there is such an utter perversion of public justice that the guilty never fails of an acquittal if he can furnish the bribe.

To receive this rapacious, drunken, skeptical generation, the jaws of hell are opened wide. His hideous tusks are still dripping with the blood of generations previously consumed. But the multitude already doomed and damned scarcely halts in its descensus Averno to listen to the prophet's fervid temperance address.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Isaiah as a Temperance Reformer
   Elevated mode of speech unchanged.
   Nothing lost in effectiveness.
2. National Opportunity and Responsibility Under Figure of Vineyard.
   'The vineyard is the house of Israel.'
   What is expected.
3. Prophet's Arraignment.
   National response not judgment and righteousness, but oppression and a cry.
4. Specifications.
   (1) Violation of Agrarian law.
   (2) Drunkenness.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The woe of God against the drunkard is not a capricious or sporadic affair. It is interwoven with the physiological constitution. The sources of retribution are not external, but internal. Every inebriate carries the fire and brimstone of his own hell in his very person.

* * * *

The prophet talks by the book. He is true to physiological science, not of his date only, but of ours. He vividly depicts the imperceptible growth of the alcoholic appetite; the cord becomes the cart-rope. How soon the 'bon vivant' finds himself in the hopeless treadmill of an uncontrollable passion! Henceforth his might consists in his capacity to drink, and simple wine gives place to fiery concoctions. Then follows complete perversion of moral ideas. The denouement is death and hell.

* * * *

There is a hint to modern temperance lecturers in this Old Testament temperance address. They are sometimes themselves intemperate. I heard yesterday of one who recently consumed two hours and forty-five minutes, and, riding home exhausted in the night [illegible] himself to take some stimulant to prevent a chill. Intemperance can show itself also, not only in the lack of time and virtue wasted, but also in the language used, in extravagance and violence of expression.

* * * *

Again he pelts them for many stanzas, the direct application of the drunkard's staggering gait and [illegible] 'Ho Nights in a Bar-room,' and all that, tend to foster the youth with vice, and to mortify the tender soul of our day.

* * * *

Isaiah is the model temperance orator. His style is elevated and dignified. He is a courteous ambassador of God. His great heart is stirred to its depths. He depicts the case as it is. He stands across the downward track of a nation, and, with the self-obliviousness of a noble nature, uses every worthy argument and entreaty to stay its course.

* * * *

Lyman Beecher was the Prophet Isaiah's style of a temperance reformer. One of my sainthest of stewards, in an early charge, startled me one day by admitting that he kept a barrel of whiskey in a back room, and, like most shopkeepers, treated his customers; but on hearing Dr. Beecher, he went home, rolled the barrel into the yard, broke in the head, and poured the whiskey on the ground. For sixty years he has not touched or tasted liquor himself nor offered it to others. He said that Beecher was like a flame on his conscience. His logic was remorseless, his appeal irresistible.

* * * *

Lyman Beecher was the instaturator of a noble college of temperance apostles—President Hitchcock, Albert Barnes, Stephen Tyng, [illegible], Eliphalet Nott, Moses Stewart, [illegible], Justin Edwards. The prophecy of Dr Tyng has its fulfilment. 'The [illegible] of the [illegible] who [illegible] founded and raised on this [illegible] temple [illegible] in the [illegible] Power redeemed millions of men of high and spotless honor.'

* * * *

The imperative need of the hour is that men of this high intellectual, social, and ecclesiastical grade shall supplant the shallow, illiterate, mercenary, political, and ranting order. Pray ye, therefore, that the Lord will send the Prophet Isaish style of laborers into this vineyard.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 25.—Topic— Whitman, and missions on the frontier. Hab. ii., 1-4.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A THANKSGIVING DAY.

Monday, Nov. 19.—The king of Persia. Ezra i., 1-4.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—Going up to Jerusalem. Ezra i., 5-11.

Wednesday, Nov. 21.—Gifts for God's house. Ezra ii., 5-11.

Thursday, Nov. 22.—Building God's altar. Ezra iii., 1-7.

Friday, Nov. 23.—Praising the Lord. Ezra iii., 10.

Saturday, Nov. 24.—A Thanksgiving Psalm. Ps. cxxxvi.

Sunday, Nov. 25.—Topic —A great Thanksgiving Day. Ezra iii., 10-13.

A Word to Teachers.

Do not be discouraged if your pleadings for Christ have apparently failed to touch the keynote of young souls. Do not let your hearts grow cold or fail in the patience and tenderness of Christian love. It is best always to remember that our Good Shepherd is also keeping watch over the lambs of the flock. Good seed is never lost. Seed sown by a warm, earnest heart is not wasted, although it may lie dormant. You are faithful, you are prayerful, you are solicitous for the welfare of your charge. You have done your part. Now let patience and trust relieve you of all extra burdens which are weighing upon your spirits.

It is a great and most comforting reward for earnest work to be able to watch the seed growing—but if that joy is withheld for a season we need not grow despondent, for our Lord has promised to see to the increase.

"Truly, my soul waiteth only upon God, from him cometh my salvation.'

And the salvation of those for whom we are specially striving comes from him, too.

It is hard not to feel discouraged when —after our earnest endeavors—we cannot see that we are winning souls to Christ, but we must trust where we cannot see. The Great Teacher is our friend and is all powerful. If dark now it will be all right in the morning.—'Morning Star.'

Do You Know—

That in the last thirty years, in Europe, 7,300,000 people have fallen into drunkards' graves?

That as a light to illuminate a boy's path to a saloon door, a cigarette excels electricity?

That in Denmark, one out of every seven men who die between the ages of 35 and 55 is a victim of alcoholism?

If the breweries were all closed, it would thrown thousands out of employment, and millions out of misery?

That the saloon is a school of crime; that it teaches men to violate the commandments of God; that it defies the law of man; that it is essentially lawless; that a respectable saloon is about as sensible an expression as respectable infamy.—Minnesota 'Good Templar.'

There is no Help for Drinking Engineers.

Grand Chief Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, recently said: 'The brotherhood can do nothing for the engineer who is discharged because of drinking. I would not hire a man who drinks, either off or on duty, if I were in that position. Some men say that it makes no difference to the company what a man does when he is off duty, but I tell you that it does. The company wants men who come on duty in possession of every faculty and not affected by drink, taken either while at work or during the hours in which engineers are supposed to get their rest.'—'National Advocate.'

Proud of His Work.

There is a natural satisfaction experienced in the contemplation of the results of diligent and well directed toil. The workman's grandest monument is the work which he has completed. He looks at it, points to it and rejoices in it. Even 'the Lord shall rejoice in His works'; and in similar rejoicing all true workers have some right to participate.

But as our good works may be an occasion of rejoicing, so the evil which men do, not only lives after them, in dark and terrible permanence, but it often confronts them, haunts them with its shadow, and shows to them the dire and terrible results of wrong doing even in this life.

During a recent discussion of the temperance question in the Canadian Parliament Mr. Ford, of Queen's County, referred to a member of one of the families in the province who had not long before been laid in a pauper's grave in consequence of being addicted to the use of intoxicating drink, and remarked that such an event was 'a temperance lecture in a nutshell.'

Mr. Pugh, member from Halifax, immediately arose, and in opposition to Mr. Ford stated that he was a liquor seller, and that the business was just as honorable and legitimate as a carriage-builder's.

This remark called up Mr. Ford again, and he said: 'I build carriages, and when I turn out a fine waggon and point to it rolling along the streets, I say, "That is my work." I would ask the honorable member from Halifax if he is proud of his work as he sees it rolling along the street.'

There was no answer to this question; it was a question that answered itself.

There is no work more easily traced than the work of the dramseller. He makes his mark in the world; his work shows for itself.

'This is your work,' says the broken-hearted mother, weeping over a rum-ruined child. 'This is your work,' says the stricken wife, as she looks upon the wreck of a once noble husband. 'This is your work,' says the rum seller's own accusing conscience, in view of desolated homes, blighted lives, ruined families and broken hearts.

The rum seller can easily find his work. It can be seen in dark alleys, filthy garrets, damp cellars, squalid homes, haunts of vice, dens of infamy and houses of shame. Want, poverty, sickness, hunger, rags, wretchedness, beggary, insanity, pauperism, violence, crime, murder—all these things may be traced to the liquor seller and his deadly traffic. Reeling inebriates, intoxicated women, fighting, brawling, parents, paupers in almshouses, lunatics in asylums, criminals in prisons, starved and vicious children, living in wretchedness and growing up for ruin—all these may be pointed out as specimens of the dram seller's work.

Is the drunkard-maker proud of his work? An honest man is the work of God; a drunkard is the work of the dram seller. Is he proud of his work? Why not make a model of a completed specimen of the rum seller's work, put it in a glass case, exhibit it in the drinking saloon and write over it, 'A specimen of my work—I am proud of it'?—'National Advocate.'

The Effects of Habit.

I trust everything to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes to any. Give the child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—'Broughan.'

As Others See Us.

'There goes a young man whom I saved from going to the dogs through drink,' remarked a court stenographer. 'He is a tip-top fellow, and has plenty of ability, but two or three years ago he began to let red liquor get the better of him.

'He had a good position at the time, and I don't think he exactly neglected his work, but it got to be a common thing to see him standing around bar-rooms in the evening about two-thirds full and talking foolishly. A few of his intimate friends took the liberty of giving him a quiet hint. As usual in such cases, he got highly indignant, and denied point-blank that he had ever been in the least under the influence of liquor. All the same, he kept increasing the pace until it became pretty easy to predict where he was going to land, and it was at that stage of the game that I did my great reformation act.

'I was sitting in an uptown restaurant one evening, when he came in with some fellows and took a seat without seeing me. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs and on the impulse of the moment I pulled out my notebook and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin talk of a boozy man, and included numerous candid details of the speaker's daily life.

'Next morning I copied the whole thing neatly on the typewriter and sent it to his office. In less than an hour he came tearing to me with his eyes fairly hanging out of their sockets.

'"Great heavens, Jack!" he gasped, 'what is this anyhow?'

'"It's the stenographic report of your monologue at —'s last evening," I explained, and gave him a brief explanation.

'"Did I really talk like that?" he asked faintly.

'"I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report," said I.

'He turned pale and walked out, and from that day to this he has not taken a drink. His prospects at present are splendid. All he needed was to hear himself as others heard him.'—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will aggravate the evil, declared Abraham Lincoln. There must be no attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind, for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.

Making People Good by Law.

This talk about some people 'proposing to make people good by law,' makes us tired. Whoever proposed to do such a thing? Who ever heard anybody proposing to do it?

We are aware that the apologists for the legalized rum traffic falsely accuse the opponents of that monster crime of 'proposing to make people good by law,' because they oppose the licensing of the saloon. But, to all persons not blinded by partisan prejudice, the difference between proposing to make men good by law and proposing to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors is as great as the difference between proposing to make a thief an honest man by law and proposing by legal enactment to make it unlawful for him to steal, and possible to imprison him if he does steal.

Prohibition does not propose to make saloon-keepers and rum-sellers good by law. They know very well that that would be a hopeless task. But they do propose, by prohibiting the licensing of saloons, to prevent them and the devil's agents who run them from seducing the innocent boys and young men of the country, converting them into drunkards, and ruining them. It is this devilish drunkard-making business that they propose to prohibit and destroy, by having wholesome prohibitory laws enacted and enforced—by legally punishing the saloon-keeper and rum-seller for violating every principle of brotherhood and justice. They do not propose to make them morally good by law, but they do propose to punish them for ruining innocent boys and impoverishing and debauching society through the legalized saloon as their agent.—'Religious Telescope.'

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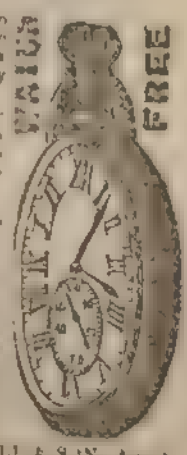

HOUSEHOLD.

If God Shall Guide.

Tired and worn, a mother sat,
At the close of a weary day,
Rocking her babe, which she clasped to her breast,
And soothed in a mother's way.
And ever and oft this song she sang—
Her voice on the clear air tenderly rang—
'God guide my boy with His strong, sure arm,
Then he'll be for ever secure from harm!'

I thought as I heard her singing there,
There in the soft twilight—
'How strong her faith that the One above
Will keep her boy aright!'
'No matter what trouble the years may bear.
No matter what colors the skies may wear,
If God shall guide with His strong, sure arm,
My boy is for ever secure from harm!'

Truer words have never been sung
Than the words of this mother's song;
The child she has given in faith to God
Can never entirely go wrong.
For she knows, though his feet may sometimes stray,
They will surely return some day, some day—
If God shall guide with His strong, sure arm,
Her boy is for ever secure from harm!

—Selected.

Steamer Letters and Gifts.

(Maude L. Chamberlain, in the 'Ledger Monthly.')

'Editha is going abroad. What shall I send her for a parting gift? Isn't there anything but flowers?' How often this question is heard at this season of the year, when every transatlantic steamer is filled with its happy, expectant throng.

Although a steamer chair is a useful souvenir to have after one has returned, it is a question whether such an article is a wise gift. In these days all of the large steamship lines have steamer chairs which may be hired of the deck steward for only a dollar for the entire voyage; whereas if she takes her own steamer chair, it will be a trouble and an expense to have it properly stored and forwarded to the point from which she sails for home.

Probably Editha has already provided herself with a steamer rug. It may be that, wishing to have as much money as possible for foreign sightseeing, photographs and souvenir postal cards, she has decided to do without a genuine steamer rug, and has decided to take that heavy shawl of her mother's. That would undoubtedly answer the purpose, but why not surprise her with a genuine steamer rug, one of those that have a plain side for the sunshiny days and a bright plaid side for the dark gray days at sea? These rugs come in all colors and combinations of plaids, from the plainest to the most gorgeous, and may be obtained at prices ranging from four to forty dollars.

Possibly you feel that this is more than your purse will allow, and yet you wish to give her something. Had you thought of a pillow, to tuck in that hollow between the back and the steamer chair? A pretty Gibson pillow would not be very expensive, or a plain denim pillow with an embroidered design; or one of some pretty shade of silk.

It may be, however, that you do not feel intimately enough acquainted with Editha to give her such large gifts, and yet you wish to show your good-will. Why not send her a book? Of the many, many books that would be most acceptable on shipboard, probably Editha would be most pleased with some book descriptive of the places she is about to see.

Speaking of books, a bookmark is an article whose convenience is all out of proportion to its size. A single strip of ribbon of Editha's favorite color, the ends fringed and either embroidered or hand-painted, would make a very acceptable little gift. There is also the little 'Mizpah' bookmark, made of ribbon and celluloid, which is very suggestive for a gift of this kind.

Then there are the toilet-cases and sponge-bags, made from silk or Turkish towelling, and lined with oiled silk, which prove most useful articles on sea as well as on land.

For later travelling, a little thread-and-needle case would come in handy. Take a strip of some pretty material, about four inches wide and twenty inches long, and bind it with ribbon of her favorite color. Into this run needles, already threaded with different colored silks and threads. Make no knots in the ends of these, but leave them so that by simply unrolling the case she can draw out, all ready for use, the thread or silk which she desires.

The deck of a steamer is the most ideal place for letter-writing. Though one may be disinclined to read, one always feels inspired to write letters. Or perhaps Editha is keeping a journal descriptive of life on shipboard. In either case, she will find a writing-tablet a convenient thing to have. Such a case should be provided with a safety ink-well. She may prefer to carry her writing-fluid in a fountain pen, in which case a little pocket, long and narrow and just large enough for the pen to slip into, is a handy little thing to have. Make it of chamois or a soft piece of leather, stitched attractively. Be sure to leave enough room at the top so that it can be pinned to her dress. Worn under a golf cape or an ulster, it is convenient and yet not noticeable.

A small leather wrist-bag for the handkerchief and the odds and ends that one is sure to want after one is comfortably settled in the steamer chair, especially if they have been left down below in the stateroom. Such bags, with a drawstring at the top, are inexpensive, easily made, and most useful.

As to boxes of chocolates as a gift to a friend about to sail, they are delicious after one has survived the third day out, and has not missed a meal; but let her beware how she indulges in them the first day out! Better not put temptation in her way; but rather send a box of salted nuts or preserved ginger.

As to steamer letters, Editha cannot receive too many. The friendly note which you tuck in among the flowers in the stateroom while there, or which you mail so that it reaches the steamer before she sails, is always welcome.

The Dull One.

[There are mothers with sad hearts to whom the following will give a helpful suggestion.]

'Poor Roger!' Tears stood in Helen Lauder's eyes as she looked at the pupil standing at her side, and a glance at the dull, simple face was sufficient to show one that her pity was not misplaced. 'Silly Roger' the boys called him when the new teacher came, four months ago, but that and Roger's vicious retaliations were now things of the past. In other ways he showed signs of improvement. He was undoubtedly cleaner, tidier, and regular in attendance. Sometimes an ignoble wish that he would not be quite so regular lurked in the teacher's mind, but that and other complainings were generally quickly banished. Do the work of the class he could not, and, with forty-nine other pupils, it was somewhat of a task to keep Roger employed, especially when, as was often the case, he was afflicted with fits of idleness, from which it seemed almost impossible to arouse him. One of two things would then happen. He would either go to sleep with his head on the desk, or get into mischief. This had been a very bad day with Roger. He had been particularly thoughtless, had fallen into disgrace with the Principal in the yard, and had been more than usually trying to Miss Lauder in the schoolroom. It was now four o'clock, the other children were all gone, and she was alone with her trial.

'Roger,' she said, 'do you think I can keep you in my class if you are going to continue behaving as you have to-day? I wonder how many times I had to stop in a lesson to speak to you. Do you know that Mr. R—— was only this morning speaking to me of the school that is nearer your home? Would you like to go there?'

The poor vacant face took on such a look of anguish and terror that Miss Lauder almost regretted the suggestion. 'Yet,' she reflected, 'it may do him good.' 'Oh, no,' he said. 'Don't send me away. I will try. But I get tired doing figures and writing all the time. (His voice sank to a whisper). I can't do them like the other boys.'

All at once the thought came to the teacher that she had been making a mistake with Roger. When she came he had not been able to do scarcely anything in either numbers or writing, and she had been endeavoring, by means of interesting copies and other devices, to improve him in this line, but with little success as yet.

'Well, Roger,' she said, in her brisk, cheery way, 'this has been a bad day, but it is Friday. Suppose you make a fresh start on Monday, and I will see if I can find something you

For the Busy Mother.

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This skirt will make up nicely in any of the soft materials. It is tucked at each side seam, or may be gathered at the top, has an inverted box-plait at the back. The pattern is cut in (4) sizes, 12 to 18 years. For 15 years it requires 4½ yards of material, 36 inches wide.

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can do that you are not tired of. Good-night. Come in early on Monday morning and water the plants for me.' So saying, Miss Lauder gathered up her belongings, and teacher and pupil went their ways.

Roger's memory did not fail him, and at a quarter to nine Monday morning he was busy with the flowers, of which he was very careful. During the arithmetic lesson he was engaged in filling the peg bags, putting a certain number of the red and white pegs used in working tables into each bag. He could count fairly well, and this seemed to interest him greatly. Other manual work was found for him. He cut up some old calendars and assorted the numbers from one to thirty, in envelopes, for use in the lowest class. The scissors and Roger, though strangers at first, became fast friends, and cutting out pictures was one of his favorite occupations. With his eagerness in work of this kind his interest in the regular work grew, and slowly he began to do some things 'as well as the other boys.' The pleasure he took in his little successes amply repaid the teacher for her labor. The boy will never be anything but dull; he will never rise to the average; but the months spent with Miss Lauder did more to brighten his poor mind than we thought possible.

This is a true picture, and no fancy sketch. There are other Rogers in our schools, some not quite so bad, others worse. What are you doing for them? They are not altogether hopeless, and they need your patience, sympathy, and help more than any other child in your class. They may be mentally blind in some respects, and yet, in others, see and appreciate as well as anyone. Do not give up until you have found the work that appeals to them, and through which the necessary teaching may be given. It is trying in the extreme to work in a case of this kind. I know well what it means, and have struggled with them just as you have. Still, I never lost a 'dull' pupil, without many regrets that I had not done more for him.—'Educational Journal.'

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

The Household.

FRYING DOUGHNUTS.

When frying doughnuts have a large saucepan of hot water near the kettle of fat. As the doughnuts are fried take them out one by one from the fat and dip them for an instant in the hot water before setting aside to cool. This removes the superfluous fat and renders them more digestible. Have the water very hot and pass them through as quickly as possible.

USES FOR MAPLE SUGAR.

Many delicious dishes are made with maple sugar, among them maple mousse. Whip a pint of cream to a stiff mound, with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, which will help to thicken the cream. Add a cupful of maple syrup, made in the house from pure sugar, and flavor with lemon. Beat well, put in a mould with a sheet of a paraffine paper over the top before the cover is put on, pack in ice, and salt and freeze. Serve in sherbert glasses.

Selected Recipes.

CABINET PUDDING may be made from bits of stale bread, rusk, or cake. Decorate the mould with any dry or preserved fruits then fill with bits of stale cake or bread. If you have a pint and a half mould, beat two eggs; if you have used bread, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar; if cake, omit the sugar; add a pint of milk; pour into the mould over the state material, and soak for five minutes. Cover the mould and steam for one hour. Serve hot with a liquid pudding sauce.

SPUN EGGS FOR SOUP.—Beat together 2 eggs and set aside until the froth subsides, then pour into soup, a little at a time through a tin spoon or ladle, which has the bowl pierced with small holes. Keep the soup at a rapid boil and cook the egg instantly. This gives soup a French air which improves it very much.

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Religious Notes.

THE 'IMPOSSIBLE' HAS COME TO PASS.

When Bishop Thoburn went out to India as a missionary thirty-eight years ago, a certain 'wise' European gentleman pointed to a brick pillar and said, 'You might as well undertake to make a Christian out of that pillar as out of these people.' And, behold, to-day, not far from 3,000,000 native Christians in that same peninsula, and among them judges, lawyers, physicians, editors, teachers, men of business, etc., commanding the highest respect and wielding wide influence!—'Missionary Review.'

THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN NEWSPAPER.

The first number of a new paper, under the above name, is before us. Its natal place is Calcutta. It is to be a monthly for the present, and starts out at four pages. The price is twelve annas. It comes nicely printed and attractive in appearance. It is published under the auspices of the Indian Christian Association, Bengal. A warm welcome is extended to this the youngest member of the circle of Christian journals in India. Its leading editorial thus deals with its own purpose and plans: Like the Indian Christian Association, to which it owes its birth, this journal will make it its duty 'to watch, protect and promote the interests of Indian Christians of all denominations' in the province. It will not be the organ of any particular body of Christians, and will strenuously endeavor to avoid discussing all those matters, which —important as they certainly are in their own sphere, and accounting as they do for our unhappy divisions—are by common consent best kept in the background in the conduct of a journal, which desires to be truly representative of the whole community.—'Indian Witness.'

To the question, What have missions accomplished for humanity? Doctor Mislet, of Mosburg, Germany, answers: 'Missions have had the most essential part in the abolition of the slave-trade, in the removal of cannibalism and massacre; they mitigate wretchedness and poverty, sickness and famine among the heathen people; they protest against ruining of the heathen natives by the imports of rum and opium; they exalt family life and contend against polygamy and child marriages; and, above all things, they raise even the most degraded people into a wholesome morality. It is no matter of chance that mission work everywhere for degraded humanity has lifted them up, for Christian morality is the religion of perfected humanity.'

Dr. George E. Post, a missionary of long experience in Syria, writes: 'Missions in Turkey are embarrassed by the drain of emigrants more than by all other drawbacks and hindrances. This is a factor against which energetic action is no antidote. Persecution we can bear; opposition we can overcome; stubborn unbelief we can enlighten; stolid indifference we can interest; but what can we do with nothing? Multiplication of a minus quantity only increases the deficit. We have hoped for the reflex influence of the emigrants on their return laden with new ideas and inspirations, but with few exceptions we have had none of these offsets to the loss.'

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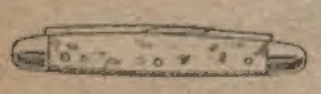

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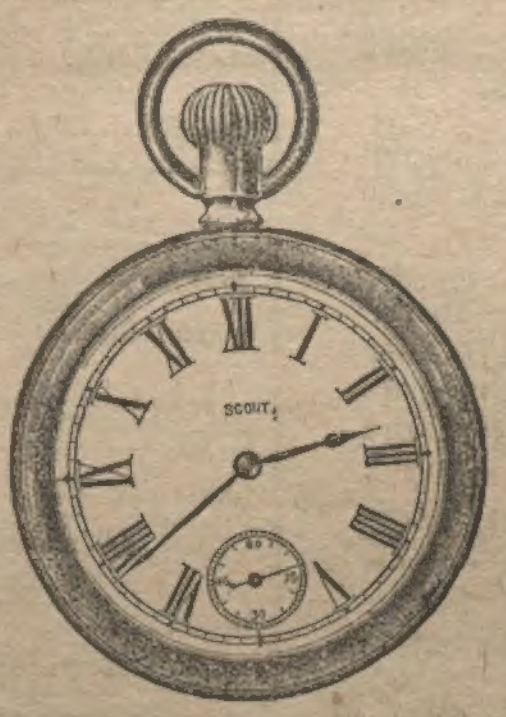
M2-77408—Handsome and durable, Pen-Knife, in pearl, ivory or buff handle, 2 blades, brass lined, as illustrated 25c



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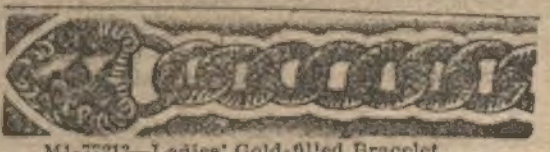

M1-77213—Ladies' Gold-filled Bracelet, $2.25
Misses' size .. .. ..$1.00 and $1.50
Baby's size .. .. .. 75c and $1.00

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Canadian Pictorial

CONTENTS:

Many subscribers upon seeing the first issue wondered how it could be produced at the price. And their wonder will increase upon seeing the present issue, Still further surprises are planned for the near future—especially in the Christmas number—but of that more anon.

The present issue contains some exquisite etchings and among them the frontispiece, a full page photogravure of an autumn brook in the Canadian wilds.

A full page picture of His Majesty the King, who celebrates his birthday on November 9th is a feature which every Canadian will appreciate. It is not one of those stiffly posed productions of the photographic studio, but a happy snap-shot showing him as he really is—a nice English gentleman. Another picture portrays him in full dress military uniform decorating a man who had done an act of mercy and daring. Still another picture shows Her Majesty the Queen—just an English lady, boarding a small launch to pay a visit to her distressed sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is awaiting her on a man-of-war near by.

A charming group of the Crown Prince of Germany with his young wife and baby boy, and another exquisite group of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Roumania, with her pretty daughter the Princess Marie, will please everybody.

Among other pictures are the late Primate of Canada, His Grace Archbishop Bond and His Lordship Bishop Carmichael, the launching of the world's greatest vessel, a steeple chase, the new Mareschal College at Aberdeen, with snap-shots of Lord Strathcona and other celebrities, all the Provincial Premiers of Canada, College boys in strenuous play—'The Rush.' The Russian Premier and his wife who are passing through anxious days and nights. Views of Niagara Falls—and a large number of other pictures of beauty and interest.

In the Woman's section, for instance, is a full length portrait of the Marchioness of Donegall in her court dress—and following are fashion plates, patterns and dress and household hints which give this very entertaining paper a practical value to every lady.

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